The other to enioy by rage and Warre.
These signes fore-run the death of Kinges.
Farewell, our Countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assured Richard their King is dead.

Sal. Ah Richard! with eyes of heauy minde,
I see thy glory like a shooting starre,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament,
Thy sunne sets, weeping in the lowly West,
Witnessing stormes to come, woe and vnrest:
Thy friendes are fled to waite vpon thy foes,
And crossely to thy good all fortune goes.

Enter Duke of Herford, Yorke, Northumberland, Bushie and Greene Prisoners.

Bull. Bring forth these men.
Bushie and Greene, I will not vexe your soules,
Since presently your soules must part your bodies,
With too much vrging your pernicious liues,
For t'were no charity; yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will vnfold some causes of your death,
You haue mis-led a Prince, a royall King,
A happy Gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you vnhappied and disfigured cleane,
You haue in manner with your sinfull houres,
Made a diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the possession of a royall bed,
And staynde the beutie of a fayre Queenes cheekes,
With teares drawne from her eyes with your foule wrongs,
My selfe a Prince by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,
Till they did make him mis-interpret me,
Haue stoopt my necke vnder your iniuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in forren cloudes,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
While you haue fedde vpon my Signiories,
Dispark't my Parkes, and felld my forrest woods,
From mine owne windowes torne my household coate,
Rac't out my impreese, leauing me no signe,

Saue

Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood,
To shew the world I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemns you to the death: see them deliuered ouer
To execution and the hand of death.

Bush. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Then Bulling brooke to England: Lords farewell.

Greene. My comfort is, that heauen will take our soules,
And plague iniustice with the paines of hell.

Bull. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatcht:
Vnckle, you say, the Queene is at your house,
For Gods sake fairely let her be intreated,
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
Take speciall care my greetings be deliuered.

Yorke. A Gentleman of mine I haue dispatcht,
With letters of your loue to her at large,

Bull. Thankes (gentle Vnckle:) come Lords, away,
To fight with *Glendor* and his complices,
Awhile to worke, and after, holiday. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Aumerle, Carleil, &c.

King. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea my Lord; how brook's your Grace the ayre
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?

King. Needs must I like it well, I weepe for ioy,
To stand vpon my Kingdome once againe.
Deare earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hoofes:
As a long parted mother with her child,
Playes fondly with her teares and smiles in meeting:
So weeping, smiling, greete I thee my earth,
And do thee fauour with my royall hands;
Feede not thy Soueraignes foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweetes comfort his rauenous sence,
But let thy Spiders, that sucke vp thy venome,
And heauy gated Toads lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,
Which with vsurping steps do trample thee:

Yeelde

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